

The McArthur Democrat.

NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THAT INSTRUMENT AND THE UNION.

VOL. 9.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, JANUARY 24, 1861.

NO. 23.

The McArthur Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

E. A. & W. E. BRATTON

Office in Bratton's Buildings, East of Court House, Up Stairs.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

One Copy one year, in advance, \$1.00
If not paid after six months, 1.50
If not paid within the year, 2.00
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. When the paper is not ordered discontinued at the end of the year, it will be continued.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square three insertions, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .25
Cards one year, 2.00
A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers. All advertisements payable in advance on demand.
The above terms must be strictly complied with.
Special Notices, per line, five cents.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY OF VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

J. P. RILEY, Judge of District and Common Pleas Court.
TERMS OF DISTRICT COURT—Sept. 10, 1861.
COM. FEES—Feb. 15, May 15 and September 25, 1861.

County Officers.

B. P. HEWITT, Probate Judge.
GEORGE LANTZ, Clerk Court of Com. Pleas.
H. B. LACEY, Prosecuting Attorney.
J. SHARP, Sheriff.
NELSON EDMOND, Auditor.
HENRY PAYNE, Treasurer.
JONATHAN BRINE, Recorder.
S. C. CASE, Coroner.
HOMER JONES, Surveyor.

COMMISSIONERS—John Gillen, Marcus Walker and John Fox.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS—Jno. T. Mackey, G. W. Shockey and J. L. Aiken.

Iron Furnaces.

VINTON FURNACE—Moore, Clark & Co., Vinton Station P. O., Vinton Co., O.

ALFRED YAPLE. JOHN T. MACKAY.

YAPLE & MACKAY,

ATTY & COUNSELLORS AT LAW

McARTHUR, OHIO.

OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE.

Will practice as partners in Vinton County Common Pleas and all Courts above. For

fees and charges paid to collectors and partition of real estate, &c.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, O.

Hoffheimer Brothers, Cincinnati, O.

James P. Tanner, Esq., Pittsburg, Pa.

Gilbert, Watson & Globe, N. Y. City.

James P. Tanner, Esq., Pittsburg, Pa.

Wm. B. Pierce, Cincinnati, O.

John T. Mackey is authorized, as a Notary Public, to take and certify depositions, take acknowledgments of deeds and other instruments, &c.

McArthur, Jan. 2, 1861.—1y.

E. F. BINGHAM. H. S. HAMILTON.

BINGHAM & HAMILTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

McArthur, Vinton Co., O.

Will practice in Vinton and adjoining Counties. Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to their care. Office in Bratton's Building up stairs.

October 27, 1859.—16c.

H. A. GUTHRIE. H. B. LACEY.

GUTHRIE & LACEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

McARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

Will practice in the several Courts of Vinton and adjoining Counties.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CONVEYANCING

O. T. GUNNING,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio, will practice in the Courts of Vinton and adjoining counties—Jan. 3, 1861.—1y.

EDWARD HOLLAND,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

(AT McDOWELL'S LATE STAND.)

Main Street, McArthur, Ohio.

HAVING returned to this place and opened a shop at the above named place, he would respectfully announce that he is prepared to furnish customers with anything in his line at the most reasonable rates, and hopes to merit and receive the patronage of his old customers and many new ones, for all which he will be duly thankful.

On Hand and for Sale

A large assortment of Boots and Shoes, made up especially for this market by myself, and warranted to be good and substantial.

August 16, 1860.—16c.

H. C. MOORE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

ALLENSVILLE, OHIO.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Alleensville, and vicinity.

January, 8.—1y.

J. SHRECKENGAUST,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.

Repairing Done and Warranted.

OPPOSITE PAYNE AND HAWK'S

McARTHUR, OHIO.

January 3, 1861.—1y.

E. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

McARTHUR, O.

Will practice in Vinton and Adjoining Counties.

Elizah Brown's Estate.

NOTICE is hereby given that Elizabeth Brown

Poetry.

Uncle Sam's Address to his Boys.

JOHN F. COLAS, SCRIBE.

Come, Northern boys, and Southern boys,
And boys from East and West,
Be friends, shake hands, and go to work,
You've had enough of rest;
You've voted for that candidate
That each thought best to rule the State.

Election's over now, my boys—
The President's selected,
And like him well, or like him ill,
What odds, since he's elected?
A President should always be
The choice of the majority.

You've had a jolly time, my boys—
Performed some wondrous feats;
Have carried fights, on stormy nights,
Through all the public streets;
You've worked with all the rebel's toil,
And graced your coats with 'midnight oil!

And now to work to work, my boys!
You've had enough of play;
And, as the winter's coming on,
Let's gather in the hay.
Nor cease our labors till the sun
Dish tell us that our work is done.

What are you who's President?
On a hat case just whole lot of
You've got the bones and maple, boys,
And all that sort of thing;
The North and South, and East and West,
Can buy half the Earth, and whip the rest.

Shake hands, my boys; for ever, forget;
All angry feelings smother;
Remember that you're all my boys,
And that you're all my boys;
Stick to your stores, your workshops, farms,
And this day a "world in arms."

Then go to work, my honest boys,
And prove your noble birth;
By struggling—not among yourselves—
But with the winter's earth.
Whose do you think more treasure hold
Than politics a thousand fold.

THE NAMELESS DEATH.

BY GEORGE LIPFAR.

There is one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence whose death I would like to picture, but am almost afraid.

In the fearful hour of the Revolution, when our army was without arms, our treasury bankrupt, this signer, by the force of his personal character alone, gave muskets, swords and cannon to the soldiers, hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Continental Congress. He was the life, the blood, the veins of our financial world. To him the Congress looked for aid; to his counting-house Washington turned his eyes, in his direst peril, and was not denied. The dollars of this signer fed our starving soldiers; his personal credit gave us throughout this world that which is worth more than gold—confidence.

And yet he died. How! Not in a duel, like Button Gwinnet; nor surrounded by the peaceful scenes of home, like Jefferson and Adams; nor did he meet his fate in battle. But he died—

I am ashamed, afraid to tell it. Not two hundred yards from the old State-house, there rose, some years ago, an edifice, whose walls were black, whose only echoes were sobs and groans, whose ornaments were some iron manacles and a stout timber gibbet. It seemed like a Curse frozen into stone; a pestilence impersonified in bars and bolts and black walls. In the Revolution, while the British held this city, this edifice rang all day and night with the horrible cries of rebel prisoners, dying the death of dogs, their hearts eaten up by a plague, which had been created by the lath and corruption of the den.

After the Revolution, the place made hideous by a thousand murders was the residence of thieves, pirates, assassins, felons of every grade. Among the various groups of felons, who blasphemed all day in this stone pandemonium, there was a certain class distinguished from the others by their silence, their pale faces stamped with mental agony, their evident superiority in point of appearance and education.

Some of these latter class were men, some were women; torn from their homes by the hands of brutes, they were hurled through the gates and left to rot in the company of the robbers, the pirates, the murderers.

This class of felons were guilty of a hideous crime, deserving of worse penalties than theft or murder. They were called Insolvent Debtors.

To me this law of imprisonment for debt has even seemed a holy thing, worthy of the golden age of New Zealand, when burning little children and innocent women was a pastime for the jocular cannibals. It is, indeed, a blessed law, worthy of the blood and tears which were shed in the Revolution to establish our liberties.

It merely converts our honest man into a felon, inviting him most cordially to commit robbery, forgery or murder, for these things are not published with half the severity that visits the head of your unfortunate debtor. Your forger can buy his Law—sometimes his Judge—your murderer may procure a pardon from a merciful Governor, but what mercy is there for the wretch who owes money which he can not pay?

In order more effectually to demonstrate the beauty of this law as it existed some thirty years ago, in all its purity, let me beseech you to look through the grated windows of Walnut-street gaol, in the quiet of this evening hour.

It is a cell that we behold,—four bare walls, a chair or two, a miserable couch. There is some sunshine here. Yes, the evening sun shines through the grates on the floor of the cell, and lights up the sad face of the Mother, who, with her children, bonds over the couch. You must not mind their tears; you must laugh at their sobs, for the Husband, the Father, who writes on that couch, is an Insolvent Debtor.

He was once a man of noble presence, somewhat tall in stature, with a frank, ingenious countenance, deep, tranquil eyes, and a brow that bore the marks of strong intellect.

Now, the mere wreck of a man—face, forehead, all withered, eyes dimmed and jaw fallen—he quivers on the couch of this Walnut-street gaol.

Why this change? For long years, pursued by honest gentlemen, with thin lips, pinched faces, eyes bleared with the lust of gain, this man—for he is still a Man—has went through all the tortures with which poets, in their imaginary bells, afflict the damned.

They have hounded him in the streets, in the church, in the house, yelling a kind of blood-hound's bay all the while, and at last driven him into the gaol.

He is there, dying; his wife, his children by his side. The curses of pirates, thieves, pickpockets, murderers, echo through the iron-banded door.

Mother! take your children by the hand, and lead them to the window, bid them look through the green trees, and behold yonder steeples glittering in the sun; that is Independence Hall.

And here, on the debtor's couch, in the felon's gaol, lies one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Here, dying in a slow agony, writes the man who gave arms to Washington, money to Congress, and by his resolute energy saved his country in the darkest hour of peril.

Robert Morris dying in a felon's gaol—

It is too much! For the honor of our country, for the sake of that respect which honest shame and honorable poverty claim in every clime, among all men, we cannot go on.

But those times, when Men were made felons by the holy law of Imprisonment for Debt, have passed away. The law exists no longer in any civilized community. It is true that in two or three barbarous despotisms—we cannot call them States—this law does yet remain in force; but this merely leads us to infer that the majority of its honest citizens are felons, needing infamous enactments to keep them in order.

No man calls himself an American citizen who dwells in such a community or submits to such a despotism.

What beautiful words these are for history, to be read in connection with each other—Robert Morris! A Felon's gaol!

Brief History of Fort Moultrie.

Fort Moultrie, at the mouth of the Charleston harbor, is named in honor of General William Moultrie, one of the bravest patriots of the American revolution, who gained a memorable victory at the fortress over a British squadron June 28, 1776.

Moultrie was a native of South Carolina, and of Scottish descent. He early espoused the cause of American Independence, and in March 1776 was ordered to construct a fort on Sullivan Island, at the mouth of Charleston harbor, and was engaged upon the work when the British fleet appeared off the coast. He was advised to abandon the fortress, as General Charles Lee, his superior officer, declared it was no better than "a slaughter pen."

But Moultrie had faith in his own work, and defended the fort with great skill and valor, and drove away the enemy.

One British ship was lost, and two others were so riddled as to almost have become wrecks. The loss of the enemy was 229 killed and wounded. The Americans 11 killed and 26 wounded. The fortress was hardly injured by the fire of the British squadron, and when the battle was over every gun on the fort but one, was still in position. The determination and courage of Moultrie in this engagement elicited great praise, and the fort was by universal assent named in honor of its skillful builder and gallant defender.

A barber having a very intemperate man to shave on Sunday, begged him to keep his mouth shut, as it was a punishable offence to open a REM-HOLE on the Sabbath.

Elegant Extract from the Late Speech of Senator Douglas in the U. S. Senate—He Opposes Coercion.

We make the following interesting extract from the late speech of Senator Douglas in the Senate of the United States:

He argued against making war against 10,000,000 people. He saw there was an eternal separation, but he would not consider war until all hope was passed. There is no other way or recourse left to enforce the law in a seceding State, except to make war and bring the State within your possession first, and then enforce the law afterward. A war between eighteen States on the one side, and fifteen seceding States on the other, is to me a revolting thing. For what purpose is the war to be waged? Certainly not for the purpose of preserving the Union.

I have too much respect for gentlemen on the other side of the chamber, collectively and individually, to believe there is one among them who does not know what war is. You can not expect to exterminate ten millions of people, whose passions are excited with the belief that you mean to invade their homes and light the flames of insurrection in their midst. You must expect to exterminate them or subjugate them; or else, when you have got tired of war, to make a treaty with them. No matter whether the war lasts one year, or seven years or thirty years, it must have an end at some time. Sooner or later both parties will become tired and exhausted, and when rendered incapable of fighting any longer, they will make a treaty of peace, and that treaty will be of separation. The history of the world does not furnish an example of a war of secession, or between States of the nation, where the war ended in reconciliation. Such a war always ends in a treaty of peace, and a final eternal separation.

I don't understand, then, how a man can claim to be a friend of the Union, and yet be in favor of a war upon ten millions of people in the Union. You can not cover it up much longer under pretext of love for the Union. Now, the question must be asked, what concessions I am called upon to make, I choose to make voluntarily, before blood is shed, and not afterward. No man has more pride of country than I. It humbles my pride to see the authority of the Government questioned, but we are not the first nation whose pride has been humbled. Republics, empires, kingdoms, alike, in all ages, have been subject to the same humiliating fact. But where there is a deep seated discontent pervading ten millions of people, penetrating every man, woman and child, and involving everything dear to them, it is time for inquiring whether there is not some cause for the feeling. If there be just cause for it, in God's name let us remove it. Are we not criminal in the sight of Heaven and posterity, if we do not remove the just cause? If there is no cause, and yet they believe there is, so much greater the necessity for removing the misconception. Are you so elated with the pride of your recent triumph, or pride of opinion, that you cannot remove an unfounded apprehension, when it is rushing ten millions of people into disunion and breaking up the Government of our fathers, and leaving us, hitherto a proud republic on earth, to become a by-word among the nations?

I still entertain the hope that this question may be adjusted, although the indications are that blood will be shed and war will rage before gentlemen fully appreciate the crisis through which we are passing. I don't think my nerves are any weaker than ordinary, nor do I think there is much courage in shutting the eyes in the face of danger, and the saying you do not see it. Every man must see it, and hear it, and breathe it. The atmosphere is full of it. I have determined that I will do all that is in my power to rescue the country from such a dreadful fate. But I will not consider this question of war till all hope of peaceful adjustment fails. Better, a thousand times better that all political armies be disbanded and dissolved. Better that every political man now in existence be consigned to retirement and political martyrdom, than this Government should be dissolved, and this country plunged in civil war. I trust we are to have no war for a platform. I can fight for my country, but there never was a political platform that I would go to war for. I fear if this country is going to be wrecked, it is to be done by those who prefer party to country. Party platforms and pride of opinion, and personal consistency, are the only causes in the way of a satisfactory adjustment of this difficulty. I repeat that, notwithstanding the gloom and the dark clouds which overhang everything, I do not despair of the Republic, and I will not

despair till every effort shall be found to be of no avail.

The 9th of January, 1861.

The Charleston Mercury of the 10th thus discourses on recent events:

Great events crowd rapidly one upon another. Three short weeks ago, and the greatest event of the century upon the Western hemisphere was transacted in Charleston. The Union of the States of North America was dissolved by the action of the State of South Carolina.

It appears to be a decree of history that upon all great revolutions, of changes of the Government of a people, the red seal of blood must be set. Yesterday, the 9th of January, will be memorable in history. Powder has been burnt over the decree of our State, timber has been crashed, perhaps blood spilled. South Carolina will maintain her liberties and her independence while there is a single shot in her locker. Blind infatuation is driving our enemies forward, and stroke by stroke the liberties of the South are being welded and cemented together.

The explosion of the steamer Star of the West from the Charleston harbor yesterday morning was the opening of the ball of the revolution. We are proud that our harbor has been so honored. We are more proud that the State of South Carolina, so long, so bitterly, so contemptuously reviled and scoffed at above all others, should thus have proudly thrown back the scoff of her enemies. Intrenched upon her soil, she has spoken from the mouth of her cannon, and not from the mouths of scurrilous demagogues, fanatics and scribblers. Contemned, the sanctity of her waters violated with the hostile purpose of reinforcing enemies in our harbor, she has not hesitated to strike the first blow full in the face of her insulters.

Let the United States Government bear, or return at their good will, the blow still tingling about her ears—the fruit of her own handiwork. We would not exchange or recall that blow for millions of dollars. It has wiped out a half century of scorn and outrage. Again South Carolina may be proud of her historic fame and ancestry, without a blush upon her cheek for her present honor. The haughty echo of her cannon has ere this reverberated from Maine to Texas, through every hamlet of the North, and down along the great waters of the South-west. The decree has gone forth.

Upon every acre of the peaceful soil of the South armed men will spring up, as the sound breaks upon their ears; and it will be found that every word of our insolent foes has indeed been a dragon's tooth sown for their destruction. And though grisly and traitorous ruffians may cry on the dogs of war, and treacherous politicians may lend their aid in deceptions, South Carolina will stand under her own Palmetto tree, unterrified by the snarling growls or assaults of the one, undecieved or deterred by the wily machinations of the other. And if that red seal of blood be still lacking to the parchment of our liberties, and blood they want—blood they shall have—and blood enough to stamp it all in red. For, by the God of our Fathers, the soil of South Carolina shall be free!

Who Major Anderson is, and What He Has Done.

Major Anderson is now about fifty-six years old, and was born in Kentucky, entering the Military Academy from that State and graduating with distinction on June 30, 1825.

The record of his military services shows that he was promoted to a first Lieutenancy in 1833, and made captain by brevet in 1838, for gallantry and successful strategy in the war against the Florida Indians. In the same year he was appointed Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of captain—the captaincy itself not coming until the October of 1841, and his present rank of Major only reaching him last year.

Major Anderson has also performed a large amount of the staff duty incident to the service of a few years since and before it was made distinct from duty in the line. He acted as Assistant Inspector of the Illinois Volunteers, serving with Abraham Lincoln in the Black Hawk war of 1832. He was Assistant Instructor and Instructor of Artillery at the Military Academy in the years 1835-67, and was Aid-de-Camp to Major-General Scott in 1838.

During the Mexican war, the Major endured all the labors and dangers of the campaign, being severely wounded in the assault on the enemy's works at Molino del Rey, and receiving a brevet majority "for gallant and meritorious conduct in that action." Major Anderson has also received from the Government many evidences of its

trust and confidence other than those bestowed by the War Department.

His last service, previous to his taking command of Fort Moultrie, was as a member of the commission, ordered last summer by Congress, to inquire into the manner of instruction at the West Point Military Academy. The labors of that commission, in which Major Anderson performed his part, have already been laid before Congress.

In physique, the Major is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eyes dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance, demonstration, and an exaction of what was due to him. He has a good deal of manner. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations, go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified, a man of undaunted courage, and as a true soldier may be relied on to obey orders and do his duty.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday Jan. 10.—Mr. Cox, of Ohio, presented the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Ohio, expressive of attachment to the Union, against the right of secession, declaratory that the rights should be maintained, and against one State intermeddling with the laws of another, &c.

He said that although the Legislature had not unanimously passed these resolutions, the State has already begun the work of conciliation by giving a vital stab to the Personal Liberty bills, and he had been assured that the work will go on till every obnoxious act of legislation shall be removed from her statute books and full justice be done to all sections.

The resolutions were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The House, on motion, went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, thought the time had come when they should consider the impending dangers calmly and without passion.

The cause of the present crisis is not the mere election of Mr. Lincoln, but the dominion of one section over another, differing in character, institutions and race.

The Republican party has steadily advanced till they have gained possession of nearly all of the Northern States. It controls the house now, and it cannot be long before it will have entire possession of the Legislative and Executive departments, unless there is some great change, which is not likely to occur.

The Republican party is an anti-slavery party. Without opposition to slavery it never could have come into being, and without this it would dissolve. The party is eminently sectional, because no Southern State could approve or unite with it. The party is made up of Abolitionists, with Americans and deserters from the Democratic party.

In the course of time the Republicans will have the necessary two-thirds to change the Constitution, to the detriment of the South and the destruction of her prosperity.

Mr. Calhoun, years ago, predicted the results of the vicious organization of Northern society.

SENATE.

The corruption of the State and city governments of New York was mentioned by Mr. Garnett to show that the natural workings of the Government were based on numerical majorities.

Mr. Scott presented a resolution from the Legislature of Ohio sustaining the Administration in the maintenance of the laws. After debate they were read.

Mr. Garnett favored a separation of the Northern and Southern States, each to its own customs, with an alliance for defensive purposes, which would secure all the advantages without the evils of the present political system.

Mr. Hoffman argued against secession. The people he represented would rally and preserve the Union.

Mr. Morris followed in a speech, which was very bitter on the President and his course toward Mr. Douglas.

When Oliver Cromwell once went into a Catholic Church, he saw twelve statues of massive silver. The trembling priest replied, "My lord, they are the statues of the twelve Apostles." "Take them down," said Cromwell, "and turn them into coins, that, like their master, they may go about doing good."